

6  
AULVS PERSIVS FLACCVS

HIS

SATIRES TRANSLA-  
TED INTO ENGLISH,

BY

BARTEN HOLYDAY M<sup>r</sup> of Arts,  
and Student of Christ-Church  
*in Oxford.*

*Hinc trabeque d'cas, mensamq, relinque Mycenis  
Cum capite & pedibus —*

The second Impression.



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## TO THE READER.



Vdicious Reader ( for to Thee as  
to a Iust Patrone, I make my De-  
dication ) with the true & ingenui-  
ty I submit these my endeavours,  
the not-vnprofitable recreations  
only of severer studies. To ex-  
cite thy attention, I may without ambition say it  
is a New thing, *Persius* Vnderstood. When first  
I entertained the attempt, I was opposed by see-  
ming insuperable difficulties: The labouring to  
apprehend, & Expresse the sense of my Authors  
the reconciling of contrarie exposition: the fin-  
ing out the order of his passages, grounded on a  
naturall, but much concealed dependancy of his  
precedent and subsequent matter: the endeavo-  
ring to render him with brevity, perspicuity and  
his Owne Strength: Lastly the amputation of  
unnecessarie Criticisines of some Interpreters,  
from whom on just reason I sometimes depart.

And that in this point I may stand cleare from  
the private surmise of some tacite censurer: I will

*to the Reader.*

shew vnto thee, among many, two only of their curiosities, and those in the front of the worke.

The first is about the word *Prolui*, which some would haue to be heere vsed, to signifie that the Poet had modestly wet his lippes in *Hippocrène*, but never endrench'd them, or dranke deep thereof. I graunt that the word in the originall Can beare that sense; but that it doth in This place, I confidently denie. And stand confirmed by this reason: because the Poet satirically Derideth those, that attributed the faculty of poetrie to so insufficient and vaine a cause, as the drinking of that Well was. (He himselfe afterwards confessing, ironically, his Owne skill to be Constrained: howsoever, not proceeding from so Fond a cause;) and therefore in the like sort presently after, he saith (if the Critiques had observed it) that he never slept on *Parnassus*: which was also held as another cause of the poetique faculty. Where with reason, as good as theirs, one might say, He never slept Soundly or Snorted on that hill, but had lightly taken a gentle nap. The parts of the similitude hold an equall proportion: and then referre the ridiculous curiosity to the secret smile of the Iudicious.

The second is about the next word *Caballine* with which, according to Their exposition, the  
epithet

Howres to the worke. For all this was begot  
(I speake my conscience) when it was his lot  
To be at truce with studie. Then iudge you  
That shall upon his happy paines, a vew  
Bestow, that were the Muses Holydaies  
Or times of leasure, were with greater Praise,  
Or I brist, or Busmesse spent: and likewise since  
He conquer'd hath so fierce a Latin Prince  
Vnto the Rimes and Phrases of Our tongue:  
Decree that bayes vnto his brow belong.

A. WHITE.

TO HIS KIND FRIEND Mr.

B. H. vpon his *Persius*.

**A**S if in trauailes farre ingag'd, at last  
Retiur'd, I gratulate thy labours past.  
But when vnto thy waies I turne mine eye  
Dangers obscur'd with dangers I espie.  
I think't a taske too great for humane sleights,  
Vngraueled or vndasht to passe those streights.  
Admiring thy chaste notes, in which unharmed  
The Syrens lustfull language thou hast charm'd.  
That Art I loue, when as 'gainst faith of sence  
By sence of faith I see things flow from thence.  
Nor doe I (like to his ore wheeling braine)  
Persius still a cloud, imbrace in vaine;  
This's the substance giues vice the fatall blow  
The others thunder few to feare doe know.

On enuy, summon all the vices spight:

Better they should be conquer'd then not Fight.

R. WELDON.

VNTO



VNTO HIS LOVING FRIEND Mr.  
B. H. vpon Persius translated.

**T**His worke me thinkes makes my coniecture bold  
T' affirme th' Athenians paradox is true, Annus Pla-  
tonicus.  
When by yeares revolution I behold  
Men dead revive, things long since old, grow new.  
For should dead Rome awake, and those loose times  
Which feard and felt this scourging Satirist,  
Shce might againe in vs review her crimes;  
As fertile is Our age. Nor bath it mist  
The worst of all Her ills. Vainely we thought  
Thy ashes (Persius) Slept within thine urne :  
Feard not thy lash : hop't negligence had wrought  
Thy lines worse Finerall: and at length would turne  
All to obscuritie ; For how few did strue  
T' enlighten thy darke phrasē, unlesse some vice  
Made an acute bad comment : So to thrive  
And purchase perspicuitie, is a price  
Thou would'st haue griev'd to giue. Yet since in ill  
We haue ore'tane past times : I must reioyce  
That Constant industrie should get such skill  
As to tell vs our bad in Persius voice :  
Whom now All understand : all may endure  
To reade, but Such as would their crimes obscure.

T. GOFFE.

TO THE AVTHOR HIS  
most loued friend.

**W**Hat None haue Dar'd, Thou hast ; and might'st againe  
With praise, were it undar'd. Did'st thou abstaine

Yet longer, none would dare Thee to Prevent;  
 If any, what could breed thy more Content  
 Then, when by victorie, thy glory should  
 Be doubled? yea, although recall some could,  
 From fields of rest, thy Persius to consult:  
 Yet would no lesse praise from thy lines result,  
 Then that unparalel'd, which now is due  
 From those that reade thee. Who when they shall view  
 How Truly with thine Author thou dost pace  
 How hand in hand yee goe, what equall grace  
 Thou dost with him obserue in every tearme:  
 They cannot, but, if iust, iustly affirme:  
 That did your Times as doe your Lines agree,  
 He might be thought to haue translated I thee;  
 But that he's Darker, not so Strong; Wherein  
 Thy Greater art more clearely may be seene;  
 Which dost thy Persius cloudy stormes display  
 With lightning and with thunder; Both which lay  
 Couched perchance in him, but wanted force  
 To breake, or light from darknesse to divorce;  
 Till Thine Exhaled skill compress'd it so,  
 That forc'd the clouds to breake, the light to shew,  
 The thunder to be heard. That now each child  
 Can prattle what was meant: whilst Thou art stil'd  
 Of all, with titles of true dignitie,  
 For Loftie Phrase, and perspicuitie.

L. KNIGHT.

TO THE AVTHOR HIS  
very good friend.

**R**E-living Persius, Daies-Birth, Heire of Fame;  
I wrong not Persius, giuing Thee His name;  
If any, I wrong Thee for what He did  
Hadst Thou him not Illustred, had beene hid.  
This being but thy Pedestall of praise,  
Oh what a Pyramis will thy Next worke raise?  
True Laureat, with blest Omens goe thou on;  
All-imitable, imitating none.  
I speake not this (nor needst thou it) of Favour.  
But as one conscious of thy Great workes labour.  
My tongue was never oil'd i' th' base clau-art.  
In Others read thou Wit, in Me my Heart.

W. W.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND

Mr B. H. vpon his iudicious  
translation of Persius.

**V**Vhat lay imprison'd, and confin'd alone  
Only to deeper apprehension;  
Thy more benigne, sublim'd, transcendent wit  
Hath reacht, and conquer'd, and imparted it.  
And giu'n't to all, which makes it more thine owne  
Since all are heires of that invention.  
Nor doth one iot, so sweete congruitie,  
Adulterate the Latin chastitie,  
All things conseru'd, so terse, so nothing lost



to the Reader.

epithet which in my translation I giue to *Pegasus*, may seeme somewhat to straine curtesie: inas-  
much as it implyeth the swiftnesse (and so by cō-  
sequent the praise) of the horse, to which it is  
(iustly) applyed; when as They would haue it to  
be vsed in the disgrace of the vaine Poets, which  
are heere derided. Deriving so the ignominie  
of the word *Caballus* from the Well to the per-  
sons: implying Them to be base packe-horse po-  
ets. A pretty, but imposed meaning, if farther en-  
quired into. For if the poet vse this word especi-  
ally for that reason, it might seeme (me thinkes)  
that he did forget what horse he himselfe meant:  
there being as great difference betweene *Pegasus*  
a winged horse, and *Caballus* a packe-horse, as  
well-nigh could bee betweene two creatures of  
one kind. But if they once come to Coniectures,  
I may assume the like libertie to interpose Mine  
also; And then I Could thinke (which, I wonder,  
the Critiques did not see) that the Poet vsed this  
word before others, for a most naturall & strong  
reason drawne from the *Etymologie* of the word  
*Caballus*; which, as *Isidore* in his *Originals* hath it,  
*Lib. 12. cap. 1.* is deriued, *à cavando: propter quòd*  
*gradiens ungulà impressà terram concavet, quòd re-*  
*liqua animalia non habent*; And then who seeth  
not how excellently the history of *Pegasus* is in-

to the Reader.

estimated in this word? This *Etymologie* is much strengthened by the letter v changed into b. For in the Moderne languages which haue drawne their originall from the *Latine*, we see the v still retained, as in the Italian and Spanish *Cavallo*, and in the French *Cheval*; and which may be observed, These words in none of these Moderne languages imply any disgrace, but are generally attributed to all horses; Nay, from these words are drawne Titles of dignity, as *Cavaliero*, in the Italian, *Chevalier* in the French, and *Cavallero* in the Spanish.

But (that I may follow the no farther in these their wandring speculations) to speake freely: I thinke the Poet neither thought as They thinke, nor as I shew how I Could thinke, and thinke as well as They. I am perswaded that more is picked out of these Poets, then they themselues ever meant. For indeed when a Satirist, through the heat of his loue to vertue, is set on fire to see the desperate securitie of prophaneesse: the fury of his passion doth so transport him: that there is no time left for the placing or displacing, choosing or reiecting of some particular word: but as most commonly their passions are vneven, rough, and furious: so is that also which they write being in this poetickall perturbation.

The

*to the Reader.*

The difficulties which I haue heere set downe, were by my peculiar affection to This Author, at last all overcome. I haue not herein bound my selfe with a scrupulous superstition to the letter: but with the ancient libertie of a Translator, haue vsed a moderate paraphrase, where the obscuritie did more require it: yet so, that with all convenient possibilitie, I sticke vnto his Words. To haue added Large annotations, had beene but to transcribe a Commentarie or a Dictionary. Such briebe ones notwithstanding, as without which, the sense could not be sufficiently explicate, yet could not bee well inserted into the text; with all compendious perspicuitie I haue adiected in the margin: prefixing Arguments to euery Satire.

From the affected obscuritie, wherewith this Author hath hitherto laboured, I cannot altogether quitte him, yet doubtlesse, it in part, proceeded from the want of Libertie, which in his desperate times, was altogether lost; though, I confesse, He durst say Somewhat.

As for My labours: I much abhorre so sickly an impotencie, as to ouerweane my selfe with a conceit of mine owne worke; though, if my best friends tell me truth, It may beare a Iudge. But howsoeuer; If the truly Iudicious (who are al-



*to the Reader.*

waies attended with Perspicacitie, & a milde censure that true exciter of promising ingenuities) shall courteously accept it: I am Crown'd; and hauing thus finished this worke of an Others invention, I may be excited to a second and more liberall attempt of mine owne.

But if any Left-handed *Pythagorians* (who enforce Writers nowadaies as the Ancients did their Comcedians, to vse instead of Prologues expressing their arguments, Apologies against the malicious) shal sinisterly accept, what is courteously offered: I only wish them the other good qualitie of the *Pythagorians*, *Silēce*. For the oversights which I may bee perchance convinced of (as the purest eie seeth not its owne blemishes, but by reflection) I wil, being shewed them, with free ingenuity confesse: & doubt not of pardon; hauing two so good solliciters in the eie of any, but moderately courteous; Mine Owne Infancy (in respect of any Maturity of iudgement) & the vnacquainted Difficulty of my attempt. To haue committed No faults in my Translation, had bin to Translate My Selfe, and put off Man.

What other faults Detracters woulde Make (by their Owne Reading, or Interpretation) let them knowe, they are committed not out of Ignorance, but Election, after a iust consultation

to the Reader.

tion with more then a \* Dozen Ex. \* *Cornutus.*  
positers. But why doe I in the In- *Author vete-*  
discretion of Too-much humilitie *rum Glossarū.*  
prostrate my endeavors to the Ty- *Murmellius.*  
ranny of the Ignorant; who stand *Vinetus.*  
Herein so Many degrees below *Pithoeus.*  
the faculty of Iudging cēsurers? If *Marcilius.*  
any in the procacity of baser ma- *Foquelinus.*  
lice (raised commonly from a def. *Tornorupæus.*  
paire of Imitation) shall proceede *Lubinus.*  
farther vnto contumelies: I shall *Casaubonus.*  
not need, as some doe (though I *Frischlinus.*  
approue Their course also) to arme *Bondus.*  
my selfe with a confidence of Reli- *Farnabius.*  
gion; I will not put it to the stresse:  
nor against the stroake of so leaden a sword, vse  
the protection of so golden a shield. A little as-  
sum'd Stoicisme shall serue the turne; and with a  
Secure Contempt, I'le let them Scoule alowd  
Vnheard. *Farewell.*

Thine

BARTEN HOLYDAY,



A LETTER OF A JUDICIOUS FRIEND  
requested by the Authour to deliver his censure  
on his Translation.

Mr. B. H. I have read your smooth translation of rough  
*Persius*, and send it home to you with my Censure (such  
as you wish) ingenuously free. I will deale lustly with you  
Now, Friendly at Other times. In My judgement, when you  
conversed in this familiar and friendly manner with *Persius*  
his Satires, your witte stooped farre below the elevation of  
its owne worth. But as *Scaliger* said of *Claudian* and his works,  
*Solo argumento ignobiliore oppressus addit de ingenio, quantum deest*  
*materie*: (Lib. 6. cap. 5. Poetic:) So I of You and Your Poem;  
Whatsoever is meane in your Authour, is (mee thinkes) so  
choicely adorned by Your *Genius*: that if it stand out of the  
presence of Ignorance or Desperat Emulation, it may bee  
Gracefull. Which I doe more hartily affirme, because you  
haue Chastised your Poet with modest, yet significant  
termes: where some ranke-breathed Interpreter would haue  
rendred him with a strong savour of lasciviousnesse. I know  
not now, what should stay You from sending it abroad, or O-  
thers from giuing it welcome entertainment. If Old *Persius*  
were ever worth the hauing: Yours, I doubt not, will bee  
thought Well worth the reading; yet looke for Other cen-  
sures and Neglect them. Farewell.

Your loving friend,

JOHN LEY.



**D**Arke Perſius, Ambroſe threw thy booke on ground  
 With indignation, 'cauſe 'twas ſo profound:  
 But now in fathers roome a child is ſprung,  
 That readeſ thy Satires in a vulgar tongue.  
 No Ambroſe, yet with ambroſe to be fed,  
 That could ſo wiſely tracke, where thou couldſt tread,  
 He takes away thy vaile, and makes that line  
 Tranſalpine, which the Romans would confine:  
 Now let thy wandring ſhadow freely roaue,  
 And ſeeke great place in the Eliſian groaue,  
 Where ſince theres ſtore of bay, for him one knit,  
 That makes the looſer Brytaines feare thy wit.  
 Needes muſt his owne inventions radiant be,  
 That caſts ſuch beames through thy opacitie.  
 Hence forth (bright Holyday) to change reſiſe  
 Thine Owne Terpiſchore, with tranſlated Muſe.

In *Latio* latuit *Saturnum* filius: *Aulum*  
 Sic poterat ſoboles iſta latere ſuum,  
 Ante tuas (*Holydaie*) faces; hâc luce refulget  
 Pluribus, & cæco, reſtior ante, patri.  
 Gymnaſiarcha, puer, feſtivus ludat vterque:  
 Per Feſtum vobis otia quanta diem?

Nunquam *Pegaſæas* libavit *Perſius* vndas,      Nec fonte, &c.  
 Aut clauſit docto lumina pigra iugo.      Nec in bic: &c.  
 Nempe tibi, fontem laticeſq; & culmina *Phæbus*  
 Servârat: pleno dum ſatur ore makes.  
 Quidve *Aulus* traheret? cum ſic *Helicon* refundas,  
 Vt natet *Angligenis* ſtala *Muſa* labris.

Δαῖδα λέγει ἢ δαῖτα μέλος πορφύρε μενοῖνα  
 Δαῖδας κόλπο δέσσει δαῖτα ἑλέπηνι σαρφῶς.

JOHN WALL.

VP-

VPON THE HAPPY TRANSLATI

on of the most difficult Satirist, performed by  
his deare friend Mr.

B. H.

**I** Sing the Conquest, which an English rime,  
With all its force ne're wonne before this Time,  
Who thought that there would extant be the Man  
That such stiffe, sullen, hardy Romans can  
Subdue, and with an hand learnedly fierce,  
Bind in the fetters of a Britane verse?  
Yet here is one that doth: But not as those  
That \* changed shapes, and wandring Trojans chose  
For to translate, with lines a mile in length, \* Ovid: Met.  
Or Paraphrase that tires. Such is His strength Virg: Æneid,  
And strictnesse, he his Author without wrong  
Lodges in prisons but of five foot long.  
Some I haue knowne, that did Attempt the same  
Which that they Durst, it was their Greatest fame,  
But it was He, that could disclaime to stay  
At this praise Margent, only to Assay:  
He with impetuous and all-conquering wit  
That only had the power to finish it.  
For had They don't, I know they must haue left  
Their graver studies, and haue filcht with theft  
Guiltie of too much sacriledge, more howres,  
Then time would loose; or else those sister powers  
Iruoke to lend them Others liues, to plucke  
A vessell with such Remora's bestucke  
To wished shoare. But as for Him, with strange  
And easie hast, he did his Roman change  
Without complaint of time: No serious part  
Of learning murmur'd, that he did impart

As if thou didst consult with th' Authors Ghost,  
Such height: such sacred indignation  
As seemes a Persius, no Translation.  
On learned Quill; thus vindicate thy name  
From times proud Iniurie, Traytor to fame:  
Nor suffer yet, that Italy so long  
Should make her Vice speake English, not her Tong.  
Woip backe her bastards, send them home to Rome,  
Let her that was their parent, be their tombe.  
Meane while I dare Congratulate our Crimes  
Made Happy that they could produce These Rimes.

T. G.

B

AV





• •

19





# AVLVSPERSIVS FLACCVS.

## THE PROLOGVE.

### *Argument.*

Need and not Inspired skill  
Makes our Author trie his quill.

**M**Y lippes did never touch the spring  
Of the wing'd horse: nor can I bring  
To minde, that ere I dream'd upon  
Two-topt Parnassus, that thereon

I might be Inspir'd and So Vp-start

A Poet by Infused art.

And all the Muses that doe dwell

'Bout pale Pirene, and the well

Of Helicon, to Those I leaue,

Vnto whose statue's browes doth cleaue

The Iuy-green incircling Crowne.

In humblenesse I halfe a Crowne

Doe only bring this my rude line,

Vnto Apollo's sacred shrine.

Yet blame me not for my bold deed:

Alas! I write enforc'd by need.

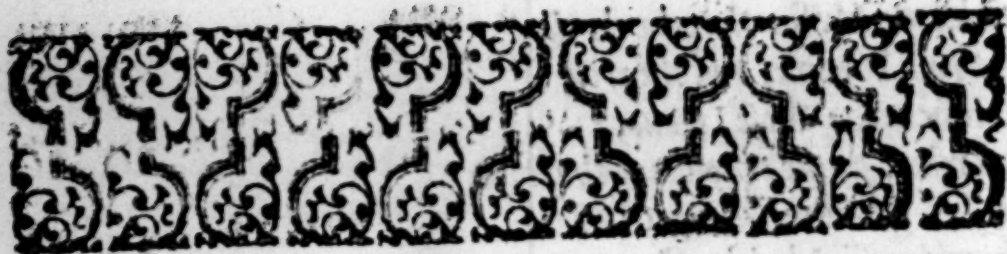
Who taught the Parrot his kind Haile?

Who taught the Pie so to prevaile

• A satirical  
Ironie. Per-  
sius was a  
Knight of  
Rome of suf-  
ficient  
wealth.

## The Prologue.

To frame Our words ? 'Twas but to fill  
Their belly, master of their skill;  
Which skilfull is to make them reach  
Voices, which Nature cannot teach.  
Nay; if there chance to shine but some  
Hope, of deceitfull Game to come:  
Crow-poets and poetique Pies  
You'd thinke did chaunt sweet ayries;  
And make (when as they harshly Crie)  
A Pegaseian Melodie.







SATIRE. I.

THE FIRST SATIRE IN  
forme of a Dialogue.

The Speakers.

PERSIVS. MONITOR.

Argument.

*Inspired poets Art and Pride  
Our Satirist doth beere deride.*

P. **O** Cares of men ! O emptie Vanitie      P. <sup>a</sup> Why?  
Of things ! M. who'l read these Wondring Satires?  
Dost Thou say so my Friend? M. Faith I thinke none.  
P. How saist thou? None? M. Perchance some two, or-P. None?  
M. Tishard. P. Yet why? Least Rome's <sup>b</sup> Polydamas  
And doutie Troians should preferre the asse  
<sup>c</sup> Labeo before Mee? Tush; their false doome

B 3

Is

<sup>a</sup> Out of the too abundant varietie of the interpunctiōns of these three verses following, I could find none more accurate, then this I have extracted, and here used. <sup>b</sup> Ironically here the Poet calls Nero Polydamas who is much famoused by Homer in diverse places for his vertue, yea and compared with Hector. Iliad. μ. <sup>c</sup> A ridiculous Poet, that translated five bookes of Homers Iliads into verse, word for word, with extreme obscuritie, and no lesse absurditie.

## A. PERSIVS F.

Is but a trifle. If disturbed *Rome*  
Prowdly sleight any thing, scorne to descend  
To Their Vaine censure : neither strue to mend  
The tongue of thy false ballance in Their scale  
Which is as wrong : but if thou'dst never faile  
Know This : To trie thy *secret innocence*,  
The surest witnessse is thy conscience.  
For Who is Not at *Rome*? O that I might  
But freely speake, yet speake no more then Right.  
And So I May. Then, when I cast mine eie  
On those whose Faces promise Gravitie :  
On our sad *Stoickes* : on the things we doe  
Since we left off to play with nuts : and view  
Our actions, when we labour much to be  
Serne Vnckles. Then ! then ! But, oh, pardon me,  
I will not touch. Yet can I hold my peace  
Vrg'd Thus? and from revenge so lust, Thus cease?  
Tme of a Scoffing spleene. I Loue to Flout  
At Hypocrites : therefore it now Must out.  
Then Thus.

Being immur'd from each mans sight  
In some obscure retired place, we write  
Some, ev'n-pac'd numbers, Some freefooted prose,  
Some weighty thing, which th' Author strongly blowes  
From his large-winded lungs. For he rehearses  
Vnto the people straight his well-pen'd verses;  
His haire being first kemb'd smooth, and then he dight,  
In a faire comely garment fresh and white,  
Wearing some precious jewell, which some friend  
On's birth-day to him for a gift did send,  
With moist'ning syrrope having clear'd his throat  
Apt New to sound it in a various note.  
Then is he reading in a seat on high,

# SATIRE I.

Disolu'd vnto a lustfull *Acting* eye.

Where thou maist see ey'n those that beare the name  
Of Rome's braue *Titi* (but vnto their thame)  
To shake with trembling lust, and to reioice  
Obscenely, with a broken skreaking voice  
When a leud line their inward loines doth pierce,  
And touch them with a lust-provoking verse.

But thou Old Dotard, dost Thou striue to feed  
Other men's cares? nay, Theirs who without heed  
Or moderate discretion praise thee so,  
That (skinne-peel'd *Ass*!) thy selfe dost first cry, *Hoe?*  
Why did I learne vnlesse this leaven here

Inbred, this strong wild-figtree should appeare?  
And from its seate the liver breaking forth  
Shew to the world its owne, though ynknowne worth?

P. O see ambitious palenesse! see Old Age! *Here the Poet*  
At such corrupted times Who could not rage? *faineth a reply*  
*Think'st thou, thou nothing know'st, if it be so,* *of this old am-*  
*That others knowe not, that thou this dost knowe?* *bitious Poet de-*  
O but tis braue to heare men cry, See, see? *sending him-*  
And pointing with their fingers, say, *That's he. selfe.*

Say you 'had a poeme which so smoothly runs, *A second*  
That 'twere for lectures read to great mens sons, *reply.*  
Braue lads with curled lockes, like gold so yellow:  
Would not you thinke your selfe a pretty fellow?

P. O that's not all! See, our *Romulidans*  
Prophane our sacred poems with foule hands!  
Reading, amidst their bowles, poems diuine,  
Being full vp to the throat with flesh and wine,  
Where if forsooth one clad in purple cloth's,  
Snaffle some mustie stuffe through's muffling nose  
Melting forth faire *Hypsipyle's* sad song  
Or *Phyllis* fortune with a moist'ned tong



## A. PERSIVS. F.

Or some such tales which poetrie affordes  
 His daintie palate tripping forth his wordes,  
 The Men assent! And are not th' ashes then  
 Of this Rare poet blest? This man of men  
 Hath he not now a <sup>†</sup> lighter mole of earth  
 Gently pressing his bones? A gen'rall mirth  
 Ensues: the guest with hands and voices ring  
 His due applause; And shall there not now spring  
 Ev'n from his *Manes*, from the hollow wombe  
 Of his thrise-happy yrne-inclosing tombe  
 Sweet Violets? But, Oh, saies one, you touch  
 Too scoffingly, wrinkling your nose Too much,  
 For doth there breath a man that can reiect  
 A gen'rall praise? and his owne lines neglect?  
 Lines worth immortal Cedars recompence,  
 Nere fearing new-sold Fish or Frankincense?

Well; whosoe're thou art whom I did make  
 But now, the Adverse part to vndertake;  
 When I my selfe doe write, if from my braine  
 Doe flow by greatest chance some happy straine  
 (Fortis by chance) My heart is not so hard  
 So hornie, as to feare the due reward,  
 Of deseru'd fame. Only I doe denie  
 The scope of vertuous actions to lie  
 In thy *O byaue! O fine!* for search but this  
 Thy *O fine!* and within it What not is?  
 No; in These papers knowe thou shalt not find  
 Labeo's helleborated lines confin'd

Too

<sup>†</sup>The Ancient Ethniques did use to pray that the tombe-st ones of  
 their dead friends might be light unto them; because they beleueed  
 that their Manes or soules remained in their sepulchers, and were  
 sensible of such accidents. They held likewise the springing of flowers  
 from the graue of a deceased friend, an argument of his happinesse.

## SATIRE. I.

Too superstitiously to Words: nor weake  
 Loue-elegies, such as *Rome's* Nobles speake:  
 Whose iudgement, like their overcharged maw,  
 Wants strong concoctions heat, & is Yet raw.  
 Briefly whate're on 8 Citrean beds is writ,  
 We hence exclude as th' excrement of wit.

Thou dost some dish of good hot meate provide  
 For some poore wretch (whose bellie's his tongues guid)  
 Or to thy quaking foll'wer thou dost cast  
 Thy thread-bare cloake (which could no longer last)  
 Then thus thou speak'st. You knowe ev'n from my youth  
 I hated lies, now therefore tell me truth.  
 Of me (P. Can He tell truth? Wilt let Me speak e?  
 Thou triflest (bald-pate ass!) and thy skill's weake.  
 Seeing a fat-hogge-trough-panch before thee struts  
 Full Eighteene inches with a load of guts.  
 O blessed *Ianus*! happy is Thy lucke!  
 Behind <sup>n</sup> thy backe, whom never Storkes bill strucke:  
 At whom no nimble finger'd hand being fram'd  
 Like asses white eares, ever Yet was aim'd:  
 Nor so much tongue thrust forth in a base flout  
 As an *Apulian* bitch for thirst lils out.  
 You O *Patrician* blood whose heads are blind

I th-

8 The Romans had their lecti lucubratorii on which they studied,  
 and tricliniars, on which they eate; the latter are rather understood  
 in this place, for he principally speaketh against the verses they writ a-  
 mongst their cupps. <sup>n</sup> Three manner of flouts were used by the An-  
 cients. The first was with their hand to make a Storkes bill, their fin-  
 gers being all collected together, and then let out with a flurt. The se-  
 cond was to put their thumbes to the temples of their heads, and then  
 wagge their fingers like asses eares, which within are somewhat white.  
 The third was to lill out their tongues, like dogges in the heate of sum-  
 mer, especially in hot countries, such as is *Apulia* a region in *Italie*.

A. PERSIVS. F.

P'th' hinder part, prevent a scorne behind.)  
 What doe men say? That now your verses flow *The answer*  
 In a soft number'd pace both sweet and slow, *of the flatterer*  
 Whose well-smooth'd parts are so exactly join'd  
 That the severest naile can never finde  
 The least vnev'nesse. O saies one, he makes  
 A verse, as he that his true levell takes,  
 Shutting one eye, for to direct his line,  
 Which drawing, with red oaker he doth signe.  
 Whether he scourge with his deepe-wounding rimes  
 The delicate soft manners of the times,  
 Or th' impious banquets of revenging Kings:  
 Our Poets *Muse* can well expresse great things,  
 P. I, You shall see a fellow dare assay  
 To write Heroicke acts, who th' other day  
 But trifel'd out some Fables of small worth  
 In scarce true Greeke; whose skill cannot paint forth  
 A pleasant selfe-describing Groue's delights;  
 Nor praise the full-stor'd Country, that ev'n writes  
 The story of its Owne abundant store;  
 Where fruits and fire-wood and the fat'ned Boare  
 Are never wanting; where the shepheards feast  
 Sacred to *Pales* is, t' expell the beast  
 That hates the lambe: where shepheards on that day  
 Are purged in a fire of smoaking hay. *κ Q. Cincinnatus.*  
 Whence *Remus* sprung: where (*κ Quintus*) thou wast borne,  
 And where thy plow-share was in furrowes worne;  
 When as thy wife trembling with ioy and feare,  
 Made thee the great *Dictators* robes to weare  
 Before thine Oxen, and to leaue them Now,  
 Making the *Victor* carry home thy plow.  
 Behold then this braue Poet:

Some there are

To



# SATIRE. I.

To whom <sup>1</sup> *Brisean Labeo's* book seemes rare : <sup>1</sup> *Furius Ac-*  
 Whose lines swell like full Veines. Others desire *cus Labeo.*  
*Pacuvius*, whom much they doe admire, *Briseus*, is  
 And loue often to reade, and ev'n to stay the sur-  
 Vpon his knottie harsh *Antiopa*; name of  
 Whose wofull heart was nourished with greefe, *Bacchus*, fitly  
 The Depth of sorrow yeelding Some releefe. heere attri-  
 When thou shalt see the blear-eyed father teach bured to  
 His son these things; cast thou not quickly reach *Labeo*, be-  
 To know the cause how this our vile disgrace, cause of his  
 This hissing frying-pan of Speach tooke place mad verses.  
 First, in our tongues? And yet wherein our smooth <sup>m</sup> *The*  
<sup>m</sup> *Trossulians* vainely themselves doe sooth, *Knights of*  
 And ev'n leape in their seats, when as they heare *Rome were*  
 Old words, which please their thick false-judging *anciently so*  
 Whē th' art accus'd, art not asham'd to be (care, *called, be-*  
 Not able thy now-Aged head to free *cause they*  
 From feare o'th' law, but loue the luke-warm cry *surprised a*  
 Of all thy hearers crying, *Decently?* *towne in*  
*Pedius* sayes one, vnto thy charge I lay *Hetruria*  
 The guilt of theft. What now doth *Pedius* say? *called Tros-*  
 In smooth *Antitheta's* his fault he weighes, *sulum, with-*  
 And for his learned Figures, winnes much praise. *out the helpe*  
 O neate ! O neate? In judging thou dost faile, *of the foote-*  
 Base fawning *Romane*, dost thou wagge thy taile? *men.*  
 For think'st thou, if some ship-wrack'd wretch should Sing,  
 Hee e're from me one Halfe-peny should wring ?  
 Dost Sing, when at thy shoulder thou dost weare  
 Thy selfe and shippe, which the sharpe rocks did teare?  
 His teares shall be expres'd through's Miserie,  
 Not-Studi'd for by Night, that would mooue Mee  
 To pitie. M. Yet in Numbers, O, there shines  
 Beauteous composure added to those lines

Which

# A. PERSIVS F.

Which were before but raw, P. I, so it seemes;  
 For one, this as the only skill esteemes  
 To end his verse (But, O ridiculous!)  
 With *Berecynthian Atys*; or els, thus;  
*The Dolphin which did cut Cerulean Nereus.*  
 Ex'lent! and this our *Romans* count most serious!  
 So thus another drawes his numbred line,  
*We drew a ribbe from the long Apennine.* (dare  
*M.<sup>a</sup> Armes, and the man I sing,* perchaunce you'l <sup>n Virgils *Æ-*</sup>  
 To terme This frothy, fat-bark'd. P. O no; spare <sup>neads, which</sup>  
 Your Too-quicke censure, & dissolue your brow. <sup>beginne so,</sup>  
 This Poem as an aged well-growne bough <sup>*Arma vi-*</sup>  
 Season'd with time, is with the warme Suns heat <sup>*rumq; cano.*</sup>  
 Well boild in its owne barke; growne strong and great.  
 M. What then doe you terme soft, and to be read  
 With a loose-bending necke, and bow'd-downe head?  
 P. Their writh'd hornes the *Mimallones* did fill  
 With sounds, and *Bassaris* about to kill  
 The scornfull calfe, snatching from him his head,  
 And *Mænis* as the spotted *Lynx* shee lead  
 With foy-bridles, oft did *Evion* sound:  
 Thereprable *Eccho* did rebound.  
 These, these are braue! But, Oh, should Such lines be  
 If any veine of Old Nobilitie  
 Did liue in vs? These Weake lines in the Brimme  
 Of ev'ry mouth, in th' vtmost spittle swimme.  
*Mænis* and *Atys* or some foolish Songes  
 Are alwaies in the moisture of their tongues.  
 They never Buffeted a Deske for These,  
 Or Bitte their Nailes: such lines are writte with ease.  
 M. Grant this be true: yet Sir You haue no need  
 With biting truth to make their soft eares bleed.  
 Well, looke you to't; I feare; be not too bold,

# SATIRE. 1.

Lest great mens thresholds towards you grow cold.

Me thinkes, th'are touch'd already, and I heare,  
The doggish letter R found in mine eare.

P. Nay, Sir, rather then so, all's white and free:  
All, all is admirable well for Mee.

I will not hinder t. Now y'are pleas'd I thinke.

You'l say, Let no man make My verses stinke,  
Making a place for vrine, in a scorne;

Among My papers. P. See then you adorne

Your booke, and paint two P Serpents on't; Boyes, None

Must vrine in This Sacred place : be gone :

And Ile goe first.

Yet did *Lucilius* cut

Lewd *Rome*, and thee, O *Lupus*, that didst glut

Thy appetite, and thee (*Mutius*) growne weake

With lust, & did on vs his Iaw-tooth breake.

So subtile *Horace* laughing with his friend

Would cunningly his vices reprehend,

And lying in his bosome, in his heart;

Would bitterly deride him with great art.

Skilfull he was basely t'esteeme the rout,

Yet neere wrinkled his nose, or Seem'd to flout.

And may not I then Mutter? not to th' a Dust?

Not, though Alone? No whete? I will; I must

Digge here, ev'n here. (My book) I speak to Thee;

I'ue seene, I say, I'ue seene; (my tong's born free)

Who has not *Asses* eares? Thou shalt not buy

This my obscure concealed mysterie,

This my dear scoffe, my *Nothing*, for whole miliads

Of any base Poets long-winded *Iliads*.

Thou who so'ere thou art, that art inspir'd

With bold *Cratinus*; or with zeale art fir'd

Like angry *Eupolis*; and art growne pale

o This place

isthus against

the comon in-

terpretation

more manerly

and truly ex-

pounded by

Mr. Bond.

P These re-

presented the

Genius of

the place, and

were painted

there to de-

terre anie

from viola-

ting the place

by any pollu-

tion.

a An allusi-

on to the fa-

ble of Midas.

With



# A. PERSIUS F.

With that <sup>r</sup> old man, whose stile with a full saile <sup>r</sup> *Aristo-*  
 Beares strong against foule vice: vouchsafe a glance *phanes.*  
 On these My Satires also; where by chance  
 If any thing more perfect thou shalt heare,  
 Among my lines; grow hot with a purg'd eare.  
 But him with deepest scorne I doe detest  
 That basely loues to breake a bitter jest  
 At a Philosophers poore Shooe : and winks  
 At him, whose sight is bad, calling him Blinks :  
 Counting himselfe no meane man, bearing some  
*Italian* honour at *Aretium*;  
 Cause, being Market-Clarke (such was his pleasure)  
 He brake their earthen vessels lesse then measure.  
 Nor loue I him that counts the counting-table  
 Of deepe *Arithmeticians* but a fable.  
 Nor him that scoffes at Figures made in dust <sup>r</sup> *An allusion*  
 By sound *Geometry*. Such are vniust, *to the story of*  
 And Enimies to th' Arts. They much delight *Archimedes;*  
 To see the bold-fac'd queane *Nonaria* fight *see Plutarch's*  
 With a good honest *Cynicke*; and will grinne *Marcellus.*  
 If that shee pull his beard off from his chinne.  
 These, in the morning next their hearts lie send  
 To study the Edicts lest they offend:  
 Yet after dinner (for they le turne no more  
 From vice) vnto *Callirhoe* their Whore.

THE

# SATIRE. 2.

## THE SECOND SATIRE VNTO

*his friend Plotius Macrinus.*

### Argument.

*Profane desires: true sacrifice:*

*Bold finnes: our Poet here describes.*

**S**igne This day (*Macrine*) with a Purer stone,  
Which doth present to thee times long since gone.  
Powre wine vnto thy *Geniis*; for Thy care  
Is not to winne *Ioue* with a Bribing prayer.  
Nor crau'st Thou, what thou sham'st to name for feare  
Except *Ioue's* drawne aside that none may heare.  
Though no small part of *Rome's* chiefe Nobles can  
Sacrifice with a low-voic'd incense-pan.  
Tis not an easie thing to take away  
The murmur'd whisperings of those that pray  
From the Gods Temples. Tis no easie thing  
To liue with Knowne desires. \* They vse to sing  
Alowd, that strangers and the standers-by  
May heare 'hem, when they pray for honesty  
Of a good mind, good fame. But for the rest  
Of their desires, inwardly th' are supprest  
Vnder their murmuring tongues; such as are these  
Profane requests; O that some strong disease  
Would make my Vnckl's braue rich funerall  
To bubble vp. O that my rake would fall,

As

\* This was but the manner of some hypocrites; for it was the Custome of the Romanes to pray softly to themselves, as Ios. Scaliger well obserues in his *Castigations* on the 2.li. of Tibullus. p. 137. & *Wornerius* in his *Animadversions* on Petronius. p. 428.

A. PERSIVS F.

As I were working, on some sounding pot  
Of silver; <sup>b</sup> Hercules blessing my lot.  
Or would I might expūge this yong, rich Ward  
By whom from great possessions I am bar'd  
Being the next heire; for he's with scabs perplex,  
And is with swelling choller sharply vext.  
There's *Nereus* to, has bur'd yee three wiues,  
And I scarce-- ! O Such men lead Happy liues!

That these things thou religiously maist craue  
Of *Ioue*, in swelling *Tybers* silver waue  
Early thou wasthestwise or thrice thy 'head  
Purging the 'night pollutions of thy bed.

Dost heare? answere me this: aud' but disclose  
Thy thought in one smal question Ile propose.  
What thinkst of *Ioue*? thinkst he may be preferd  
'Fore Some? Whom? be't ev'n <sup>d</sup> *Stains*; art afraid?  
And doubtst thou Whether is the fittest Guard  
And iuster iudge for a young guidlesse Ward?  
This then, wherwith thou dar'st to presse *Iou's* care,  
Tell but to *Stains*: would he not ev'n feare  
To heare thee Speake? and casting vp his eie  
Cry, O good *Ioue*! and shall *Ioue* then cry  
Vnto himselfe for vengeance? What? dost thinke  
Thou art Forgiv'n, because he's pleas'd to Winke  
At thy blacke deedes, and sooner strikes a Tree,  
With horrid Sulphure, then Thy house and Thee,  
When with his roaring thunders he doth chide  
The prowd high-mounting aire? Dar'st thou deride

The

<sup>b</sup> *Antiquitie made Hercules the propitious God for the finding out of hidden Treasure. 'Of this, see Casaubon on Theophrastus; p. 292. where he shewes their twofold manner of expiation. And Brissotius at large, lib. 1. de Formulis, p. 8. <sup>d</sup> A wicked fellow, that poysoned his brother and brothers wife.*



# SATIRE. 2.

The pow'r of Heav'n, and lay with *Jones* Fond beard,  
As if th'hadst Leave, because thou ne're was fear'd.  
With some strange judgement? or ne're yet didst lie  
A woefull spectacle to each mans eie,  
Vnholy, to be shunn'd in some sad groue,  
Then ceasing to be sacred vnto *Joue*,  
Or th'other Gods, vntill with sacrifice  
Th'Aruspex great *Ergenia* purifies  
The same, by offering th'entrals of two sheepe?  
Or els, what ist? with what reward dost keepe  
The bribed cares of the corrupted Gods  
That they should only giue indulgent nods  
At thy vast crimes? ist thy fat offering  
Which to their sacred altars thou dost bring?

Now you shall see some grandames, or fond Aunts;  
Whom womens Fury Superstition haunts,  
Take vp a tender infant in their armes,  
And being skilfull to depell the harmes.  
Of an e effascinating eie, they'le speer  
Vpon their middle finger, and then wet  
With this their purging spetle, the childs brow  
And prettie lippes. Then with a humble vow  
Dauncing him in their armes, they'le vainely spend,  
Their poore leane hope, in praying *Ioue* to send  
This babe in time to come such happinesse  
As once wealthy *Licinius* did possesse  
In fruitfull lands: or such as *Crassus* held,  
Who for bratie houses, *Rome's* chiefe Lords excell'd.  
They wish that Kings and Queenes may be at strife  
To make ev'n their best daughter His blest wife.  
And as for Maides (say they) Yee Gods about!

C

O

• Of Fascination, see Del Rio: *Mag: disquis:* l.3. q.4. Sect.3. and  
*Ramirez*, in his learned *Pentecontarchus*, cap.31. at large.

## A. PERSIVS F.

O let them strongly, strangely fall in loue  
With his rare beautie : and that wherefo'er  
Hee treads, a crimson rose may spring vp there.

Braue ! braue ! But yet I will not bid My nurse  
Pray so : or if shee doe ; then Good *Ioue* Curse  
Her Prayers ; Though cloth'd-White shee strongly Crie ;  
Yet for thine *Own*e sake, Strongly still Denie.

Thou wishest for firme nerues, and for a sure  
Sound body, that would healthfully endure  
Vntill Old age ; why be it, that thy wish  
Is Granted by the Gods ; yet thy Large dish  
And full fat salsage make the Gods Delay  
To blesse thee, and doe Force good *Ioue* to stay.

Thou'd'st faine grow rich : yet dost thou sacrifice  
An Oxe, (is that the way in wealth to rise ?)  
Then vpon *Mercurie* the God of gaine  
With this thy offering, thus thou cri'st amaine,  
*Let my domestlicke Gods (great Mercury)*  
*Make all things happie in my familie !*  
*Blesse thou my heards of beasts, blesse thou my lambs,*  
*And make my tender yewes the happie damm's*  
*Of many yong-ones. Mad-man ! wilt thou see ?*  
This is impossible ! It cannot bee !  
When as so many heyfers fats doe frie  
In flames of sacrifice ? Yet doth he crie,  
And with his Entrals and his dainetic Cake  
Striues to o'recome, and forcingly will Make  
The Gods to heare ; nor yet will hold his peace.  
*Now doth my field, now doth my fold encrease :*  
*Now twill be giu'n : now, now, vntill at last*  
Deceau'd, his great hope prooving but a blast :  
His Money in his chest may make its moane  
For want of company ; yet sigh alone.

H

# SATIRE. 1.

If for a gift to Thee some friend presents  
A silver goblet, or rich ornaments  
Curiously graven in a massie bowle  
Of purest gold: it straightway thy very soule  
Is touch'd with a strong passion: and thou shak'st  
Ev'n Droppe from thy left breast ( Vaine heart that quak'st  
Thus with a trembling joy? ) Now because gold  
Thus pleaseth Thee; hence tis that Thou dost hold;  
The Gods are pleas'd so too; and overlai st  
Their statues faces (that thereby thou maist  
Procure their favour) with gold purchased  
From th' enemy, which was in triumph led.  
For those † brasse-brother-gods that lend a dreame  
Most true, and purg'd from thicke, corrupted steame,  
Whereby in sleepe men are disturb'd, or feard,  
Let those be chiefe, and weare a golden beard.

Gold hath the pots of earth; and brasse disdaign'd;  
Though vs'd when *Numa*, and good *Saturne* reign'd,  
Gold likewise hath expeld the *Vestall* Vrne:  
Gold doth the *Thuscan* Earth to Gold now turne.

Base stooping soules, that groovle on the Earth;  
In whom there's Nothing testifies their birth  
To be from Heav'n!

Yet, doth not this suffice?

But we must bring these our iniquities,  
To the Gods Temples, where their pow'rs divine  
Doe dwell; and ev'n profane their holy Shrine?  
As if there could be any thing in these  
Infected Carcases, the Gods to please?!

C 2

This

† The brassen Statues of the sonnes of *Ægyptus*, all, except one,  
slaine by their new wives the daughters of *Danaus*. Which brothers  
the Romans adored as Gods: and were vainely perswaded that  
they sent dreames unto men.



## A. PERSIVS F.

This Flesh of ours makes vs in vaine to spoile  
 Sweet *Casia*, by mixing it with oile  
 To make vs ointments. This doth make vs staine  
 The soft *Calabrian* fleece in Purple graine,  
 This makes vs with much art to polish well  
*Mother of Pearle*, drawne from the fishes shell.  
 This from th'vnpurged earth made vs desire  
 To straine out veines of gold by purging fire.  
 This finnes; and finnes; yet perseveres in sinne.  
 But you great Priests, tell; what doth gold within  
 The holy Temples? sure, no greater thing  
 Then & puppets, which to *Venus* Virgins bring.

No; let vs strive to bring to th' Gods, that which  
*Messala's* beare-eyed offspring, from his rich  
 Large incense-bason nere could giue; A mind  
 By Law and by Religion well confin'd;  
 A retir'd soule; a heart not stained by  
 Foule lust, concoct in Noble honestie.

This let me bring to th' Gods, and Ile obtaine  
 Offring but a Small Cake of some Course graine,

& It was a custome among the Ancients, for Virgins about to marry  
 to offer their Babies as an ensigne of their Virginitie to Venus, ho-  
 ping that by her benefit, shortly after, they should have true Babies of  
 their owne.

THE

# SATIRE 3.

## THE THIRD SATIRE.

### Argument.

*Young Gallants Sloth, and their Neglect  
Of Arts, this Satire doth detect.*

**W**Hat Ev'ry day thus long? fie, fie, arise:  
See how the cleare light shamefully describes  
Thy sloth: & through thy windows shining bright  
Stretcheth the narrow chinks with his broad light.  
We snort till the <sup>a</sup> Fift shadow touch the line, <sup>a</sup> *An hypallage*  
Enough ev'n to digest strong *Falerne* wine. *for, till the*  
Now what dost doe? The furious dog-stars heat *shadowe*  
Vpon the parched corne hath long since beat *touch the fift*  
With its fierce scalding influence, and made *line; which*  
The beasts to seek the spreading *Elmes* cool shade *is about our*  
Thus the companion of some slothfull youth *Eleven of*  
Does freely chide him. Then saith he, in truth *the clocke.*  
And ist so late? indeed? some body then *Hee under-*  
Come presently and reach my cloths: why when? *stands this*  
If then no bodie come, Oh how he swels, *of Sun-Di-*  
And breaks with <sup>b</sup> glasse-like choller; & the yels *als. You may*  
With such a foule loud noise, that you would say *see the forme*  
Surely some great *Arcadian* asse did bray. *of an anci-*  
At last, with much adoe he doth beginne *ent Roman*  
To take his booke in hand and some faire skinne *Sun-Diall,*  
Of smooth <sup>c</sup> two-colour'd parchmēt: he takes the *in Ramirez*  
Some paper and his knottie reed-like pen. *his Pente-*  
Then he complaines how that his inke doth stick *cont. cap. 23.*

C 3

In

<sup>b</sup> *Because it is as soone raised as glasse is, by those that make it,*  
<sup>c</sup> *Yellow on the side the haire grew, and white on the other side.*

## A. PERSIVS F.

In clots at his pens nose, it is so thicke.  
 Powre water then to his blacke <sup>d</sup> *Sepian* iuice,  
 He cries, now tis too white. Ha's a device  
 For ev'ry thing. So Sometimes he doth plead  
 His pen writes double, or his inke doth spread.

Wretched, unhappie man ! yet growing still  
 More wretched ! Think'st wee're borne to take our fill  
 Of sloth ? Why dost not then like the soft Doue  
 Or great mens little children, rather loue  
 In delicatest wantonnesse to lappe  
 Some soft sweet spoone-meat, as, a little pappe ?  
 Or angry with the teat, why dost not crie,  
 Refusing to be stilled with Lullabie.

• Why can I studie, sir, with such a quill ?

• Alas ! whom dost thou mocke ? why pleadst thou still  
 Such vaine ambages ? wretched man to flout  
 Thy selfe ! Th'art broken ! loe, thou leakest out !  
 And know thou Shalt be Scornd ! strike but a pot  
 Of some raw earth halfe-boild, and will it not  
 Tell its owne fault, yeelding a dull crazd sound ?  
 Well ; Yet th'art soft moist clay, and mayst be wound  
 To any forme : Now therefore, Now make hast  
 To vertue ; Present time must be embrac'd.  
 Now like the potters clay, now thou must feele  
 Sharpe disciplines effigiating wheele.

f But, oh, thy father left Thee Land enough,  
 And a cleane Salt-seller, with household stutle  
 Sufficient, needst Thou then feare any thing ?

So

<sup>d</sup> *Sepia* is a sea-fish called a Cutrell, whose blood the Romans v-  
 sed in stead of inke. • This verse is an interiected reply of the sloth-  
 full youth : the next is spoken in the person of his companion which  
 repr ehendeth him. f His companions ironical defence of the others  
 carelesseesse.



### SATIRE 3.

So th' hast a secure pan wherein to bring  
Incense to thy protecting *Lares*. Well;  
But think'st thou this enough? wilt therefore swell,  
And breake thy lungs with an ambitious wind,  
Because that thou thy thousandth off, dost find  
Thy branch to be perchance drawne from a tree  
Of some high *Thuscan* true nobilitie?  
Or that because clad in the purple graine  
Meeting *Romes Censour* with his pompous traine  
Thou canst salute him, by the name of *Curze*,  
And arrogantly aske him how he does?  
Away: goe pranse before the multitude  
In these thy trappings: seeke not to delude  
My iudgement: for I knowe thy soule within,  
And see thy faults writ in thy outmost skinne.  
Art not ashamed to liue like dissolute  
Loose *Natta*? but (alas!) he's destitute  
Of Sense! He stands Amas'd in vice! the deepe  
Fat brawne of sin makes his heart soundly sleepe!  
That now he doth not sinne! No, he's so grosse,  
So stupid, that he's senselesse of his losse!  
And sunke downe to the depth of vice he'll swim  
No more againe vp to the waters brim!

Great father of the Gods! when cruell lust  
Touch'd with inflaming venome, moues th' vnjust  
Corrupted disposition of fierce kings,  
To act vnworthy and vnkingly things:  
Punish them only thus; *Let them but see*  
*Faire vertue, and their lost felicitie.*

*Then shall their bowels yearne, and they shall cry*  
*In secret, and wax pale, and pine, and die.*

Did ever the *Sicilian* brasen bull  
Roare out his tormenters with a throat more full?

A. PERSIVS. F.

Or did the sword hung by a slender thread  
Up in the golden rooſe over the head  
Of the & crownd flatterer, more terrifie  
His ſoule, then when a man ſhall truly cry  
Vnto himſelfe, *I fall, Oh, I doe fall*  
*Downe head-long*; & ſhall Know he's paſt recall?  
And Inwardly grow pale (O wretched life!)  
Which he's aſeard to tell his neere deere wife?

*& Damocles,*

Indeed, when I was Young, I like a ſoole  
Would' noint my eyes with oile to ſtay from ſchoole:  
When I'de not learne, through ſloath, the ſtately part  
Of dying *Cato*, though 'twere penn'd with art,  
And my too-carefull Maſter prais'd it much:  
And my glad father being moou'd with ſuch  
His praises, brought his friends to here his boy  
Brauely act *Cato*, and would ſweat for ioy.  
For then I car'd not to knowe any thing:  
Except how much the luckie Sice would bring:  
Or what the looſing Ace would ſcrape away  
Or that my fellow might not put falſe play  
Vpon me, neatly cogging forth a die  
Out of the ſmall-neck'd <sup>h</sup> caſting-box. This I  
Did learne: and for the ſcourge-ſtick I did ſtrive,  
That none his top with greater art might driue.

But now, Thou art not at This age to learne  
Betweene good and bad manners to diſcerne.  
Noe; thou Haſt learn'd the precepts that are taught  
In the wiſe porch, where curiouſly are wrought  
By *Polygnotus* ſkill, the conquer'd *Medes*  
In their ſhort ſloppes: whoſe ſtory overſpreads

The

<sup>h</sup> They uſed to caſt their dice out of boxes, (as now adaies ſome doe out of ſmall ſaucers) to prevent the ſleight of the hand, which notwithstanding ſome more cunning gameſters did often pracliſe.

### SATIRE 3.

The Walls: and where in searching hidden truths  
 The little-sleeping close-shorne Stoick Youths,  
 That feed on huskes and a course barly cake,  
 Early and late industriously doe wake.  
 And vnto Thee the <sup>i</sup> *Samian* letter Y  
 Whose spreading branches reach Philosophie,  
 Hath marked out ev'n as it were with chaulke,  
 The high-rear'd right-hand path, wherein to walke.

*The letter  
 of Pythago-  
 ras, who by  
 birth was a  
 Samian.*

And snort'st thou Yet? What? is thy head growne slacke?  
 Art jaw-falne? Doth their frame begin to cracke?  
 Lye'st yawning, to evaporate th' excesse  
 Of yesterdaies oppressing drunkennesse?  
 Hast thou propos'd thy selfe a certaine end?  
 And with thy best endeavour dost thou bend  
 Thy bow at that? Or, carelesse of thy hurt,  
 Dost throwe at crows, with stones and clots of durt  
 Neglecting where thou runn'st? Hast thou no drift,  
 But only for the Present how to shift?

Well, yet be provident; when our sicke skinne  
 Doth with the puffing dropsie once beginne  
 To swell, 'tis then, thou know'st, but vaine to cry  
 For *Hellebore*; when a disease drawes nigh,  
 And yet but threatens thee; Then, then prevent  
 And meet a danger that is imminent.  
 But if thou dost delay, till't be too late,  
 And that thy sicknesse once growe desperate:  
 Then would'st thou giue *Craterus* halfe thy wealth  
 Yet can he not restore thee to thy health.

Learne then, O wretched youthes the mystery  
 Of Nature in profound Philosophie.  
 Learne who we are: why we were borne: th' estate  
 Wherein wee're set; And knowe that not by fate  
 But wisdome, we may turne our ship with ease

About



## A. PERSIVS F.

About high-vertues \* marke plac'd in the seas  
 Of this our life. Temperately desire  
 Silver : learne what 'tis lawfull to require  
 In prayer : and the perfect vse, aright,  
 Of Money : for which, men so sharply fight:  
 What likewise to thy Country thou dost owe,  
 And what to thy deare kinsmen; Learne to knowe  
*Whom<sup>1</sup> God hath made thee, and in what degree  
 And state of life, he here hath placed thee.*

*\* An allusion  
 on to the Ro-  
 mans Nau-  
 machia.*

Learne : neither envie thou at the full store  
 Of the greas'd Lawyer, though he haue much more  
 Provision, then his family can spend  
 Whil'st it is sweet : which the fat *Vmbrians* send,  
 As gifts to bribe his tongue. Nor grutch to see  
 His *Marsian* Client bring him for a fee,  
 Pepper, gammons of bacon, or such kinde  
 Remembrances. Nor let it vex thy minde,  
 Because he hath fresh Pilchars to him sent,  
 Before the former barrell be quite spent.

But heere, me thinks, I heare some boistrous rough  
 Centurion say ; Tush, I haue wit enough  
 To serue mine owne turne ; And Ile never care  
 To be *Arcefilas*, or to impaire  
 My health, like *Solon* ; who doe leane awry  
 Their heads, pearching the earth with a fixt eye :  
 When by themselues they gnaw their murmuring  
 And furious silence, as 'twere ballancing  
 Each word vpon their out-stretchd lippe : And when  
 They meditate the dreames of old sicke men,

As

*<sup>1</sup> Mee thinks, these lines of mine Author, and especially this word  
 Deus, seeme to be of that high straine of Divinitie (in a Heathen)  
 which Plato reached unto, when he did professe that hee writte but  
 in iest, when he said, Gods.*

SATIRE. 3.

As, *Out of nothing, nothing can be brought :*  
*And that which is, can ne've be turnd to naught.*  
 Is it for This they're pale? and that they misse  
 Their dinner oftentimes, is it for This?  
 Why yet they are but scorn'd ev'n by the Route,  
 The People: and our Lustie Lads but flout  
 Them, and with crisped noses aloofe off,  
 Strongly ingeminate a trembling scoffe.

<sup>m</sup> Yet, scorne not learning: lest thy falling state <sup>m</sup> Perſius  
 Proue such, as this which here I will relate. *his anſwere*

One said to his Physitian, Pray Sir see; *to the obie-*  
 Me thinks I am not as I vse to be. *ction, which*  
 My heart doth quake as if it boaded death: *he makes the*  
 And my sick jaws send forth a loathsome breath; *Centurion*  
 Pray good Sir feele my Pulse: and play your part, *heere vse.*

Well, the Physitian vs'd his chiefeſt art,  
 And bid him rest Foure daies, But when each vaine  
 Began composedly to flow againe,

On the Third night: he bid his servant take  
 A <sup>n</sup> little thirsting-flaggon, and straight make

*" A small  
 flaggon.*

All speed, to the great house of such a friend,  
 And tell him, he desir'd him for to send  
 Some of his milde *Surrentine* wine: and so  
 Having dranke that, vnto the Baths hee'd go.  
 When being there, thither did come by chance  
 His owne Physitian: who straight cast a glance  
 On this his patient, and to him said,  
 Why You are Pale, and are you not afraid?  
 Tush man, saich he, thats Nothing. Yet beware,  
 Said his Physitian, and pray haue a care,  
 What ere this Nothing is. For I doe see,  
 Your yellow sickly skinne swells secretly.  
 Well, prethee now, said he, doe not thou raile

As

## A. PERSIVS F.

At Me : for thou thy selfe dost looke more pale  
 And worse: be not a Tutor vnto Me.  
 One I haue had, and buri'd : now for Thee,  
 Thou yet remainst. On then, and doe not cease,  
 Said his Physitian, and Ile hold my peace.

This gallant then swelling with daintie cheere  
 Bathes his pale belly, and without all feare :  
 His throat halfe stopt with grosse corrupted fleame,  
 Leasurely breathing a sulphureous steame.  
 But midst his wines a suddaine trembling seiz'd  
 Vpon each ioint of him : that his diseas'd  
 Weake hand could not his luke-warme bowle retaine:  
 And his vncover'd teeth ev'n gnasht againe :  
 And then through his loose lips, his fine-oild meate  
 He vomits, which he greedily had eate.  
 Then were prepared for his funerall  
 The o Trumpet, and the Lights : And last of all,  
 This seeming-happy man, that would not doubt,  
 His health, being composedly laid out  
 On his high bed, his biere; and now daub'd o're  
 And ev'n bedurted with th' abundant store  
 Of ointments; stretcheth towr'd the Citie-gate  
 His cold dead heeles; & those whose best estate  
 But yesterday, was but to be his slaue,  
 ¶ Now weare their cappes, and beare him to his graue.

¶ What? then belike y' apply this same to Mee?  
 But (wretched foole!) th' art out. For knowe, I'me free.

Touch

• *At the Funerals of Great Men, they used Trumpets: as pipes at the Burials of the meaner sort.*

¶ *It was the custome of the Romanes before their deaths to Manumitte their servants: which was by shauing their heads, and putting a cappe on.*

• *The scornefull reply of the Centurion.*



## SATIRE. 3.

Touch but my veines : feele how my heart doth beate :  
 There's but a wonted moderated heate.  
 Or feele the bottomis of my feete : or hold  
 My hands : thou shalt perceauie they are not cold.  
 'Tis true, But know seduced man; there sticke  
 Diseases in thy Soule; tis That is sicke. \* The answer  
of Perſius.  
 For if thou see by chance much gold: or spie  
 Thy neighbours smooth-cheek'd wench to cast an eie  
 Vpon thee, smiling with a wanton glance :  
 Speake true : doth Then thy heart Orderly daunce?  
 There's set before thee on thy board, to eate,  
 In a cold dish hard hearbes; somewhat rough meate;  
 And course bread sifted in the people's searce :  
 Lets trie your chappes. Oh are yee now averse ?  
 In thy soft mouth there's hid a putrid soare,  
 Which touch'd with *Common* hearbes; would make thee roare.  
 So thy heart's cold, when pale feare doth affright  
 Thy haire like eares of corne standing vpright.  
 Againe, fierce anger makes thy blood grow hot,  
 Ev'n as a fire-brand doth a seething pot ;  
 And then thy flaring eies sparkling forth fire  
 Thou saist and dost So in thy furious ire :  
 That mad *Orestes* dares sweare, Such a fact  
 None but a man starke mad, ere durst to act.

## THE FOVRTH SATIRE.

Argument.

*Yong Rulers : The complaint of Lust  
 On Avarice, unfit though iust.*

**A**Rt thou a Common-wealths chiefe Governer?  
 (Suppose the bearded graue <sup>a</sup> Philosopher, \* *Socrates.*  
Whom

## A. PERSIVS F.

Whom the cold draught of Hemlocke forc'd to die,  
 Thus to demand) On what dost thou relie?  
 What are thy grounds? speake *Alcibiades*,  
 Pupill vnto the famous *Pericles*.  
 Oh, wit and graue discretion, I haue heard  
 Indeed, do many times Prevent a Beard!  
 And so Thou knowst no doubt, though th'art but yong,  
 Both when to Speake, and when to hold thy tongue.  
 When therefore the vext multitude grow hot  
 With choller, and their duty haue forgot:  
 Thou dost but lift vp thy maiesticke hand,  
 And straight a gen'ral silence dost command. *These three*  
 Ore the tumultuous rout. Then what dost say? *lines are spoken*  
*in the person of*  
 O yee *Quintians* (if preuaile I may) *this yong Ge-*  
 I thinke This is not just that's done by you: *verner.*  
 Nor This: twere better if you Thus did doe.  
 For thou canst weigh truth in the double scale  
 Of the most doubtfull ballance. If it faile,  
 Straightwaies Thou know'st it: yea, though hid it lie  
 Betwecne a double crooked falsitie:  
 Or if a Rule (so perfect is Thy sight)  
 Measure not ev'ry thing exactly right.  
 And the blacke 'Theta signe of deadly shame  
 Thou can'st prefixe fore an offenders name.

Thou Canst doe this. Oh, twere a crime to Doubt.  
 Come, come: Thou being faire only without  
 And in the skinne, in vaine: leaue off to shake  
 Thy taile, before the flattering rout, or make  
 Suit for great offices, till age and cares

Haue

*The Iudges being about to giue sentence of death against a man, were wont to write his name in a table, and prefixe before it, the letter Θ, as being the first of Θάνατος, signifying hee was to be delivered over to Death.*

SATIRE. 4.

Haue made thee Fit to manage such affaires.  
Thou being fitter yet to drinke good store  
Of pure vnmixt braine-purging *Hellebore*.

Wherein consists thy last, thy greatest wish?

• In having ev'ry day a full fat dish :

Then with sweet oile to'noint my skin, and lie  
In the Sunnes pleasant warmth till it be drie.

• Why hadst thou with the selfe same question tri'd  
This poore old woman; shee had so repli'd.

Goe now and boast how thy Nobilitie  
Comes from th' *Illustrious Dinomache*.

Putte out thy vaunts, and say, I'me comely, faire,  
To graunt thee such Vaine praises Ile not care.

When ragged gran'ame *Baucis*, that does crie  
Vnto the looser servants, *Will yee buie*

*Any sweete hearbes*, has as much wit as Thee;

That thus dost boast of thy vaine pedegree.

That no man will descend to his Owne heart,  
And search the secrets of that hidden part!

No man! But haue their eies fixt evermore

Vpon His backe and bagge that goes Before!

For doe but aske a man, by Chance; D' yee know

*Vestidius* farmes? Hee'le say, *Vestidius*? Who?

The Chuffe of *Cures*, he whose grounds they say

A kite can scarce flie o're in a whole day?

Him ev'n the Gods oppose and the sure fate

Of an unluckie *Genius*. Who (the date

Of time, bringing againe the Plow-mens • feast,

When from their painefull labors they haue ceas'd,

And now hung vp their weary Oxens yoke

By

• The answer of this vaine fellow : and the replie of *Perfius*.

• These feasts were called *Compitalia*, and were celebrated in honour of their *Lares*.



A. PERSIVS. F.

By the worne path vpon some aged oke)  
 When he should freely laugh, and make good cheere  
 For other plow-men (tis but Once a yeere)  
 Most basely fearing to pull off the clay  
 From his small wine-vessel; hee'le sigh, and say,  
 Pray *loue*, that this my Prodigalitie  
 Bring me not in the end, to beggerie!  
 A coated oignon then with salt he eates;  
 (His servants much applauding such braue meates:  
 Nay, and reioycing for their happy lot  
 And for the barly-pudding in the pot)  
 Then sparingly he suppes in steed of beere,  
 The cloathy dregges of dying Vineger.  
 But straight replies the other, If Thou 'noint'st  
 With supple oile thy foule lubberly ioints  
 And ly'st in the hot Sunne letting it beate  
 Vpon thy skinne, with its strong parching heate:  
 There's one whom Thou scarce know'st, stands here hard by,  
 Ev'n at thine elbow, that could likewise crie  
 Against Thy manners, and thy lewder art,  
 The depilation of thy modest part,  
 And of thy luges, to prostitute thereby  
 Vnto a barren lust thy pathicke thigh.  
 Thy Cheekes bearing a kemb'd, oil'd beard: Elsewhere  
 Why dost thou too-vniustly-smooth appeare?  
 Scrape on: but though five lustie wraстlers would  
 Roote vp these springing plants: yea though they should  
 With crooked pinfers, by their tugging oft,  
 Weaken thy parts of shame, though first made soft  
 With Barbers soapie water, so to yeeld  
 The better, to the plowers of this field:

Yet

*Reader, in This line, I intendedly depart from the Letter of mine  
 Author, yet without thy losse.*

# SATIRE. 4.

Yet this o're-spreading fearne will never bow  
Vnto the deepest furrow-making plow.

Thus we wound Others: and doe yeeld ager  
Our thighes vnto the darts of other men.  
And thus we know mans life pursu'd to be  
By this too-much-assumed Libertie.

¶ Yet some mens faulrs, because they hidden lie  
From the enquirie of their Enemy,  
Are not objected to them; yet are knowne  
To him, to whom they crie, We are thine Owne.  
Thou hast a secret wound vnder thy side:  
But thy broad gold-bols'd girdle doth it hide:  
So though thou make Men say, Th'art well (in Vaine):  
Will thy Side say so too, that feesles the paine?

Thou'lt heere perchance reply, What? when as all  
My neighbours Me an ex'lent tellow, call;  
And say, I am not as your Common men:  
Shall I, ah, Can I not belecue 'hem then?

h Alas, blinde wretch! if at the sight of gold  
With avaricious loue thou waxest cold  
And pale: if ev'ry thing thou likewise doe,  
Which grieffe-procuring Lust provokes thee to:  
If on the table of thy Vsurie,  
By most oppressing heaueie crueltie,  
As by a strong deepe-wounding scourge, thou make  
Many a sure-imprinted grievous strake:  
To the false-praising People thou maist lend  
Thy spungie, sucking eares; but to no end.

Seeme not more then thou art: neither belecue  
The ignorant applause base Coblers giue.

D

I iue

¶ The passage heere, was too-obscure: wherefore I was forced to  
be a little diffuse in the opening of the connection; and so inserted  
these foure verses. h The reply of Perlius to his owne obiection.

A. PERSIVS F.

Live with thy Selfe; and quickly thou shalt see,  
The curtal'd store of thy bare povertie.

THE FIFT SATIRE IN FORME  
of a Dialogue.

The Speakers.

*Persius, Cornutus.*

Argument.

*Cornutus praise: Philosophie:  
Oppos'd desires: true Libertie.*

P. O V<sup>r</sup> Poets vse to wish they had large lungen;  
And a whole hundred voices, mouths, and tongues:  
When they would write a buskin'd Tragedie;  
To be yawn'd out with the sad Maiestie  
Of a Tragedian: or describe the high  
Braue-minded *Parthian* pulling from his thigh  
A hooke-like bearded dart, C. Why speak'st thou thus?  
And heapest vp such vast robustious  
And swelling lines, that thou Thy Selfe dost need  
A hundred throates, if thou'dst attaine indeed  
The end which such endeavours tend to? Rather  
Let Them, who le write some Loffie matter, gather  
Clouds off of *Helicon*, to whom the pot  
Of *Progne*, or *Thyestes* shall grow hot;  
Of which, the fond Tragedian *Glyco* must  
Off make his supper. But Thou neither dost  
Puffe from thy mouthes full bellowes much vaine winde  
The while the matters boiling in thy minde,

Thy



# SATIRE. 5.

Thy forge: nor with an inward murmuring  
 Hoarsly crow-like caw'st out some idle thing;  
 know not what: nor dost Thou strive to stuffe  
 Thy swelling cheekes, to breake hem with a puffe.  
 Thy words are words of peace, and accurate  
 Thy stile; thy mouth not swolne, but moderate  
 smooths out thy numbers; Thou canst touch to th' quicke,  
 Pale manners: and with an ingenuous trick  
 Strike a crime Through; And Hence indeed from Crimes  
 Doe Thou draw still the subject of Thy rimes;  
 And leaue the feast made with the feete and head  
 Of *Plysthenes* woefully murdered,  
 At sad *Mycene*: and doe Thou describe  
 The Peoples banquets, full of Luxurie.  
 Surely, I strive not that My lease may rise  
 With swelling bubbles of vaine fopperies,  
 It to giue weight to smoake. We speake retir'd:  
 And inwardly I by my Muse inspir'd  
 Heere offer ev'n my secret heart to bee  
 By Thee tri'd fully. For I'de haue thee see  
*ornatus*, dearest friend, how great a part  
 Of my deare, yet divided soule Thou art.  
 Mocke on my breast: for Thou hast skill to know  
 What soundeth solid, and the cover'd shew  
 Of a gilt tongue. And oh heere I could craue  
 Hundred voices: that how much I haue  
 Lest thee within my many-seated breast,  
 A pure fluent stile might be express'd:  
 And that which now ineffable doth dwell  
 Within my heart, in words I heere could tell.  
 When first I did begin to leaue to feare  
 Under a Master: and left off to weare  
 My purple-Coate, that still preserved free

## A. PERSIVS F.

From violation my weake infancie :  
 And when my Golden Bosse I newly had  
 Hung vp to my \* succinct House-Gods : when bad,  
 And flattering companions guarded mee :  
 When now my White Shield granted Libertie  
 Vnto mine eyes, freely to roue throughout  
 The lewd *Suburra* : when I was in doubt  
 Which way to take: and when my trembling minde  
 Was by pernicious error almost blinde,  
 Mi-led into divided paths : I then  
 Offer'd my selfe to thy Instruction. When  
 Thou straightway didst embrace my tender youth  
 In thy *Socraticque* bolome : and the truth  
 Of Thy rule well-appli'd, skilfull to draw  
 Feeble inclining mindes to reasons law,  
 Shewd me intorted manners : and my mind  
 Was press'd by reason, thoroughly confin'd  
 To learned precepts, stroue to be o'recome;  
 And tooke a Faire forme from Thy skilfull thombe.  
 For I remember oft I with delight  
 Haue spent long daies with Thee : and of the Night  
 Haue borrow'd the first howres, feasting with Thee  
 On the choise dainties of I hilosophie.  
 One worke we wrought : we rested both one rest :  
 Mixing severenesse, with a Modest iest.  
 For doubt not, both our birth-daies ioin'd in one  
 Sure league, drawne from one constellation :  
 Or the vnchanged *Parca* weigh'd our time  
 With an ev'n ballance : or that first, that prime  
 Birth-howre of vs true friends did blessedly  
 Place our embracing fates in *Geminis* :

\* a signifie their readynesse and expedition in defence of the house  
 which was committed to their tutelary charge.

# SATIRE 5.

And heauie *Saturnes* sterne malignitie  
Was broke by our good *Ioues* benignitie.  
I knowe not What, but sure Some Starre I see,  
Which inwardly disposes me towards Thee.

Yet there's a thousand sorts of men; and strange  
Varietie doth humane actions change.  
Each hath his sev'ral will: nor doe All liue  
With One desire, For, One his minde doth giue  
To *Merchandizing*, and with care doth runne  
Out to the East vnder the rising Sunne,  
To get rough pepper, and pale Cummin seed  
For *Romane* wares Another loues to feed  
His panch, and then swell with destilling sleepe;  
A third doth *Mars*-field wrastring duely keepe;  
A fourth turnes banckrupt by the desp'rate die;  
A fift growes rotten by damn'd Venerie,  
But when the knottie hand-gout has once broke  
Their ioynts, as th' boughes of some decayed oke:  
Anger and grieve doe then begin a strife  
Within them, for their base and durtie life  
Now spent: when now, but now too late, they looke  
Vpon the life they wretchedly forooke.  
But Thou in learned writings dost by night  
Grow pale. Thou makest it thy chiefe delight  
To sow yong purged eares with fruitfull truths,  
With good *Cleanthes* fruit. Draw Hence yee youths,  
See old men, for your selues, some Certaine end:  
Some helpe from cares your old age to defend.  
To Morrow wee'le doe this. <sup>b</sup> Alas! you'le doe  
The same, to-morrow. <sup>c</sup> Why aske we of you  
So much, to wit, only One Day? <sup>d</sup> But when

D 3

The

And he brings them in, answering for themselves and then he replies againe unto them. <sup>e</sup> Another answer of theirs, with his owne reply.



## A. PERSIVS F.

The Third day comes, we haue consumed then  
 To-Morrow Yesterday: and thus to borrow  
 Of time, though yet to come, still one To-morrow  
 Will secretly diuie out our Yeares at last,  
 When Ev'ry day a New day will be past,  
 Never to be recover'd. For Thou Wheele  
 Which dost about the Second Axle reele  
 Hindermost, inaint in vaine strue to o'retake  
 The First still turning forward, which doth make  
 Like hast, with equall swiftnes: though thou bee  
 Hard by it plac'd vnder the selfe-same tree,

Whos'euer then True Libertie would gaine,  
 Let him embrace Philosophie: for vaine  
 Is Other freedome; Such, to wit, whereby  
 Any new *Publius* may familiarly  
 In his (the *Veline*) tribe course corne demand  
 By bringing but his Token in his hand,  
 O men barraine of truth, that thinke they can  
 Make, with a Turning, a *Quiritian*!  
 Heer's *Dama* a base horse-keeper not worth  
 Three halfe-pence, a meere sot, that can't looke forth  
 From out the mist of *Jgnorance*, and one  
 Who'le he ev'n for the least occasion,  
 For horse-bread; whom if's Master turne about,  
 I th' moment of the Whirling he goes out  
 Straight, *Marcus Dama*. The Gods! Darst denie  
 To trust one, *Marcus* being suretie?  
 O, *Marcus* being iudge, art pale with feare  
 Of Wrong? *Marcus* said it; then thou mayst sweare  
 Tis true. Now *Marcus* seale the Bond. Oh, heer's  
 Braue Libertie and true, whi h our Cap weares  
 As well as Wee! <sup>d</sup> Why is there any free,

<sup>d</sup> The answer of *Dama* now *Manumiss'd*.

# SATIRE 5.

But he, the which doth live at Libertie?  
 I live at libertie, and am not I  
 More free then *Brutus* then? • Oh heere stands by  
 A well-raught *Stoick*, whose more purged eare  
 Is wash'd, as 'twere, with Truths sharpe vineger,  
 That sayes, I grant the First; but where you say,  
*I live at Libertie*, take That away.  
 ‡ Why? since I came from th' *Pretors* rod Mine Owne  
 Free man, Ile Now be subiect vnto none;  
 And why may n't I doe with full liberty  
 Whats'e're & *Masurius* doth not deny?  
 † Oh, learne: but this thine anger first depose,  
 And let fall from thy too-much-wrinkled nose,  
 Thy rugged scoffe? whilst from thy lunges I pull  
 These old wiues tales, of which thy breast's Yet full,  
 It was not in the *Pretors* pow'r to giue  
 Pure Wisdome vnto Fooles, or make Them live  
 By Reasons rule. No; thou shalt sooner fit  
 Vnto the harpe, a rough rude souldiers wit.  
 'Gainst which Reason doth stand, and secretly  
 Whispers him in the eare, and sayes, Fie, Fie:  
 Never attempt what thou canst nere reach to,  
 And only spoile, whilst thou dost strive to do.  
 The law of man and nature both deny  
 Weake Ignorance the priviledge to trie  
 Forbidden things. Dost Thou mixe *Hellebore*  
 For a sicke patient, who ne're tri'd'st before  
 To weigh 't exactly to a Dramme? The art  
 Of Physicke bids thee not-dare act This part,  
 If a rude high-shoed clowne offer to steere

D 4

A

• The reply of *Persius*. ‡ Another answere of *Dama*, & A famous Lawyer, and afterwards a Knight of Rome. † Another reply of *Persius*.

# A. PERSIVS. F.

A shippe, not knowing his guide *Lucifer* :  
 The Sea-God *Melicerta* may exclaime,  
*The brow of modestie has lost all shame ?*  
 Has vertues art taught thee to walke vpright ?  
 And canst thou with a perspicacious sight  
 Discerne the Shew of Truth from truth ? Dost know  
 Counterfaite gold by th' Sound ? and canst thou shew  
 What things to follow, what things to decline,  
 The first with Chaulke, the last with Coale to signe ?  
 Art of confin'd desires ? hast thou a small  
 And pretty well-trimm'd house ? art kinde to all  
 Thy friends ? canst wisely sometimes Shut thy store,  
 Sometimes Open thy garners to the poore,  
 And with a pure affection vnhurt  
 Canst thou passe over money i fixt i'th durt ?  
 Nor, as a greedy glutton, loue to lick  
*Mercuriall spitte*, which doth vse to sticke  
 Vpon the lippes of Niggards ? When as all  
 These things thou mayst thine owne most truly call ;  
 Then, Oh be wise, enioy true Libertie,  
 The *Praetors*, yea, and great *Ioue* blessing thee.  
 But Thou but th' other day of Our degree,  
 Retaining still thy Old skinne, being free  
 Only in a smooth brow, that outward part,  
 Deepe subtilty lurking in thy foule heart :  
 The Liberty I gaue thee, I againe  
 Recall, and doe tie Shorter Now thy chaine.  
 For Reason vnto Thee doth Nothing lend :

Lift

i *An allusion to the sport that children used : who tying a peece of money to the end of a string, would cover the string with durt and let the money bee seene, which, when any greedie fellow passing by, would stoope to take vp, they would plucke in the string; and so delude him.*



## SATIRE 5.

Lift but thy \* Finger vp, thou dost offend;  
 And what's so small? But, thou shalt nere obtaine  
 By any francke-incense, that the Least Graine  
 Of wisdom shall ere rest within a foole:  
 To mix These Two, is against Natures rule.  
 Nor shalt thou, thou remaining a Clowne still,  
 Ere daunce three measures with *Bathyllus* skill.  
 'I'me Free.' How canst thou say so, thy affection  
 Being invassal'd to the worst subiection?  
 Knowst thou no other Master, but he whom  
 The Manumitting rod did free thee from?  
 Indeed if Now, one say imperiously  
 To 's slaue; Goe, Sirra, carry presently  
 This linnen to *Crispinus* Bathes; dost stand  
 Still, Lazie knaue: This his severe command  
 Doth moue thee nothing: because now no whip  
 May scourge Thy Lazie sides, to make Thee skip.  
 But if within, in thy sicke lungs doe spring  
 Head-strong desires, art Thou in any thing  
 Lesse servile then, then is such a poore knaue,  
 Whom th' whip & feare of 's Master made a slaue?

Thou lying long in bed, avarice cries,  
 Vp, vp, Not yet, saist thou: For shame arise,  
 Cries she; I can't, thou do st reply: Why so,  
 Saies shee againe? Rise, Rise; dost thou not knowe  
 What thou shouldst doe? Why goe to th' Sea, bring thence  
 Fish, Beaver-oile, flaxe, Eben, franckincense,  
 And loosning wines of *Ca*; and be the first

\* Ramirez (in his *Commentary on Martial: lib. 1. Epig. 1.*) would  
 perswade us that this place is meant de Medio digito, but his exposi-  
 tion is somewhat ranke, and I will iustly oppose him with that discreet  
 admonition of Turnebus (*Advers. lib. 23. cap. 23.*) Non sunt tam  
 ex alto ducendi sensus, de quibus poeta nihil cogitârit. 'An  
 other reply of Dama, and the answere of Persius.

To

A. PERSIVS F.

To fetch from th' Camel, whilst he yet doth thirst,  
 Fresh pepper : exchange somewhat, and forswear  
 For Gaine. O but (alas ! ) then *Iane* will heare  
 Why, foole, if thou wilt dwell with *Jane*, thou shalt  
 Striving but to get out one tast of salt,  
 Boare a hoale through thy oft-lick'd salt-seller,  
 Well; being got vp, thou dost (not to deferre  
 To execute her will) provide thy men  
 Bagges for to lay their cloathes in , and then  
 Lai'st-in wine, with such other things thou know'st  
 Are fit for Navigation : then straight go'st  
 To shippe; where nothing hinders thee to saile  
 O're the *Ægean* Sea with a full gaile,  
 But Luxurie. That doth seduce thy weake  
 Vnstayednesse, and thus with art doth speake.

Whether, Oh whether madman , dost thou run?  
 Whether ? What lackst thou ? What wouldst thou haue done?  
 (m And now thy hot breast with strong ire doth swell,  
 Which a whole pot of Hemlock can scarce quell.)  
 Wilt Thou passe ore the Seas ? Wilt Thou ere eate  
 Thy Supper, making a Stretch'd Rope thy seate ?  
 Shall a broad-bottom'd tankard that does sticke  
 Of pitch, fume out the wine, that Thou must drinke ?  
 Nay, vile ruddie *Vientane* wine ? striv'st thou  
 To make thy lab'ring money sweat forth now  
 Eleav'n in twelue, the which did Heere obtaine  
 Ne're aboue Fiue in Twelue, a modest gaine ?  
 Come, come : cherish thy *Genius* : let's be free  
 T' enioy a full delight : for without Me  
 Life is Not : and remember that ere long.  
 Thou shalt be but a Ghost, dust, and the song  
 O' th' People. Thinke how thou by death shalt passe

Away,

m These two lines, the Poet interiects in his owne person.

# SATIRE. 1.

Away, like Time. This which I'ue Spoke, It was.  
 What dost thou now? Two hookes a double way  
 Now drawe thee; Wilt thou this, or I his obey?  
 Thou must be slaue to both alternately:  
 Now serving Avarice, now Luxurie,  
 Nor maist thou, if thou dost for Once withstand  
 Their instant and importunate command,  
 Say straight, I'ue broake their bands; For, loe,  
 A dogge by rugging breakes his knot, just so,  
 Who, though he runne away and bite and straine,  
 Yet at his necke doth traile much of his chaine.

*Chærestatus* in serious meditation  
 Biting his naile to th' quicke through deepe vexation  
 Saies to his man; *Davus*, I now intend  
 All my fore-passed greefes and Loue to end;  
 Beleeue me. For shall I bee still a shame,  
 Vnto my sober carefull friends good name?  
 Shall I spend all my stocke with infamie  
 At the lewd threshold of a Stews? Shall I  
 Drunke before *Chrysis* 'nointed moist doores stand  
 Singing, my torch extinguish'd in my hand?  
 O <sup>a</sup> rare yong *Master*! Be hence-forward wise:  
 And offer vp a lambe in sacrifice,  
 To thy protecting Gods, <sup>o</sup> But dost beleeue  
*Davus*, if I forsake her, that sheele grieue?  
 ¶ Dost trifle, Idle boy? Then she shall breake  
 Thy pate with her red pantofle, and wreake  
 Her spight vpon thee, that thou shalt not dare  
 To quake, nor bite her fast-entangling snare.

<sup>a</sup> *Davus* his reioycing at his *Masters* promised reformation. • The  
 interrogation of *Chærestatus* to his servant *Davus*. ¶ *Davus* his  
 indignation, at his *Masters* weake inconstancie.

Th'art



## A. PERSIUS. F.

Th'art Now averſe and violent; but when  
 She ſhall perchance but call thee: thou'lt ſay then,  
 I come ſtraightwaies; for, why? what ſhould I doe?  
 Sha'n't I goe to my Loue, when Shee doth Wooc,  
 And Sends for me? But if thou canſt Now, Now  
 Redeeme thy ſelfe All and Entire; Thou, Thou  
 Art that thrife-happy man, that only He  
 Whom Only, We iudge to be Truely free.  
 Not he, o're whom the fooliſh *Lictor* wagges  
 His rod, and of him, as His Freeman bragges.  
 For, Oh, can he be truely call'd his owne  
 Whom Candidate Chaulkie Ambition  
 Drawes gaping to Her lure? To whom ſhe cries,  
 ¶ Vnto thy Clients ſalutations riſe  
 By time, and giue a lib'rall doale of peafe  
 Vnto the ſcrambling multitude: th at theſe  
 Our large *Floralia* may be made the talke  
 Of Aged men hereafter as they walke  
 In the warme Sun; For what can be More braue?  
 ¶ And art not Superſtitious to haue  
 On *Herods* birth-day, many candles plac'd  
 In order i' th' oild window, much defac'd  
 By the fat cload the which they vomit out,  
 Though with ſweet violets th' are deck'd about;  
 And t'haue a Tunies taile, as 'twere to swimme  
 In a red diſh, thy white bowle full to th' brimme  
 With wine, yet doſt nor faſt till night, and pray  
 All the *Iewes* circumciſed Saboth-day?  
 Then with Hobgoblins, and the feigned feare  
 Of danger from a crackt egge, and th' aſtere  
 Graue Priests of *Cybell*, and the one-eyed maide

Of

¶ The words of *Ambition*.

¶ Theſe words are ſpoken in the perſon of *Persius*.

## SATIRE. 5.

Of *Isis* with her timbrell, th'art dismaid.  
And thinkst the Gods will pusse with some disease  
Thy swelling skinne : if thou shalt them displease :  
Refusing by their graue rules to be led,  
To tast each morne three times a Garlicke-head.

And saiest thou yet, thou liu'st at libertie,  
Being subiect to th' extreamest vanitie?

Yet speake this, which the Gods doe knowe, is true,  
'Mongst full-veind Souldiers : what would straight ensue?  
Some vast *Polpenius* with a full deepe throate  
Would bellow out a laugh, in a bale note :  
And ten times ten Philosophers of *Greece*  
Would scarcely prize at a clipt *I en-groates* peece.

THE



A. PERSIVS F.

THE SIXT AND LAST SATIRE TO  
his friend *Cæsius Bassus* a Lyrique Poët.

Argument.

*The pining Niggards fruitlesse care,  
To feed the lust of his lewd beire.*

NOW, *Bassus* hath the cold made thee retire  
Thy selfe, this winter, to the *Sabine* fire?  
Doe thy old harpe and strings live to thee still,  
Sounding lowd musicke with a stiffer quill?  
Great workman! whose blest Muse sweet lines affordes,  
Full of the Natiue beauty of Old words:  
And on the *Romane* harpe with happynesse  
Of skill, a masculine, strong sound t' expresse:  
Now playing yong mens sports, now playing some  
Braue Old mens actions, with an honest thombe.  
The warme *Ligurian* shoare growes hot to Mee:  
And I'me now winterd at my Natiue Sea;  
Where the rocks yeeld a shoare to them that saile  
And where the haven into a large vale  
Retires it selfe. 'Tis fairely worth the sight,  
*The port of Luna full of much delight.*  
Thus said wise *Ennius* Aft'r h' had dreamd he was  
*Homer*, the fist form'd by *Pythagoras*  
His Peacockes soule. Here I retir'd liue free  
From caring what the People thinke of me:  
And what th' vnluckie South-wind doth prepare  
For cattle; Nor doe I take greefe or care  
Y<sup>t</sup> that my neighbours field's more fat then mine.  
Let all poore-borne grow rich, He never pine

With



# SATIRE. 6.

With stooping age, for I hat: or want good cheere:  
 Or touch the signe of dreggy sealed beere  
 In a hoar'd flaggon. Yet another may  
 Dissent from this. For oft the same birth-day  
 Hath an Ascendent strongly influent  
 Producing ev'n in twinnes a different  
 Yea an opposed *Genius*. For the one  
 Warily with great circumspection,  
 And on his Birth-day only, dips his drie  
 Course hearbs in brinish sauce, which he doth buy  
 In a small cup, His Owne selfe Sprinkeling  
 His dish with Pepper as a Holy thing.  
 The other a braue boy couragiously  
 Spends his large portion in luxurie  
 On his consuming tooth. But as for Mine,  
 Ile Vse it: yet nere let my Freedmen dine  
 With Turbets: nor be curious-mouth'd to know  
 But by the tast, if 't be a Thrush or noe,  
 Proportion thy expences by thy gaine:  
 And grind out freely (for thou maist) thy graine  
 Laid vp within thy barnes. What shouldst thou feare?  
 But harrow, and behold straight will appeare  
 Another harvest. Why, I Would thus spend,  
 But Dutie hinders me. For my poore friend,  
 His shippe being split, held by the *Brutian*  
 Sharpe rockes; and buri'd in th' *Jonian*  
 Rough v'aues all his estate, and his deafe cries  
 Neglected by the Gods: and himselfe lies  
 Vpon the shoare with his great Gods, which he  
 Caught from his broken ship, whose ribs now be  
 Expos'd vnto the Cormorant. <sup>b</sup> Nay, Now

Giue

<sup>a</sup> The covetous mans pretended reason in defence of himselfe. <sup>b</sup> Per-  
 sus his replie,

# A. PERSIVS F.

Giue him some of thy Land : and doe not thou  
 Thinke thou canst be Too free; Let him not lacke,  
 Wandring with a Greene \* Table at his backe. *The table of*  
 But if thou impaire thy wealth, thy angred heire *his shipwrack*  
 Of thy last funerall-feast will take small care :  
 And with neglect into thy vrne will throw  
 Thy bones without perfumes, carelesse to know  
 Whether he buy dull-smelling Cinnamum,  
 Or Casia corrupt with Cherry-gumme.  
 Hee'le say, What dost thou idly spend thy wealth,  
 My portion, being in thy perfect Health?  
 But more; I me sure there's thriftie *Bestius*  
 Doth presse your learnedst *Grecian* Doctors, thus;  
 Thus 'tis, since your Fond Liberalitie,  
 Rather \* emasculate soft Luxurie,  
 With pepper, dates, and other ware hath come  
 From your lowd *Greece* vnto our Citie *Rome*,  
 Our very Mowers doe with too much oile  
 Their ancient wholesome meate Sawcily spoile.  
 ¶ But fearest these things beyond thy Graue? Draw neere,  
 Thou who so ere shalt be My heire, and heare :  
 And that into our talke none may intrude,  
 Let vs retire from the thicke multitude.  
 My friend, know'st not the newes? *Cesar* hath sent  
 A Laurell for a signe and ornament  
 Of his great conquest over *Germanie* :  
 And the cold ashes which before did lie

Vpon

\* Thus with the most accurate Interpreters, I render *Maris* Ex-  
 pers, taking *Maris* for the genitiue case of *Mas*, not of *Mare*; For  
 then there were a manifest contradiction in the sense; because present-  
 ly after, he sayes, it came from *Greece*, and so by consequent, over the  
 Sea. ¶ *Persius* heere answeres to the objection, which hee himselfe  
 brought for the covetous man.

# SATIRE. 6.

Vpon the Altars, are now swept away:  
 And with great care and ioy • *Cæsonia*  
 Fixeth the conquer'd Kings armour of prooffe  
 And all their weapons to the temples roofe:  
 Clads all the captiues in a durt-browne freife:  
 Placeth the *Rheni* of a huge vast size:  
 And orders all their coaches: Wherefore I  
 Will bring for this so happy victory  
 † To th' Gods and our great Captaines *Genius*  
 A hundred paire of fencers, I being thus  
 Freely dispos'd, who doth forbid? Dar'st Thou?  
 Woe, if thou yeeld'st not. Say, that I'me pleas'd now  
 Vpon the people to bestow a doale  
 Of oile and flesh-pies: dost thou dare controule?  
 Speake out, and plainly. Why, your land, thou'lt say,  
 Is not so fat, so bonelesse, but I may,  
 For any cause I see, not greatly care,  
 Whether or noe, you doe make Me your Heire.  
 Well then, scorne Thou my Loue; yet thus much knowe:  
 Enow will be my heire, and thanke me too.  
 For were none of my fathers sisters left:  
 No cousen-germane: or were I bereft  
 Of all my vnkle's neece's daughters: say,  
 My mothers sister had di'd barraine: nay,  
 That none sprung from my grandame did suruiue:  
 Briefely, that not one kinsman were aliue:  
 Ile goe but to † *Bouilla*, or the † hill  
 Of *Virbius*, where standeth ready still,

E

Poore

• The Emperour Caligula's wife makes all things ready for the triumph. † The Romans counted their Fencers-sherues and Plaies a part of their Religion; as Turnebus well obserues, in his Advers. lib. 39. cap. 7. p. 1093. † These were places not farre from Rome, where beggers vsed to aske almes of passengers.



## A. PERSIVS F.

**Poore Mannius:** He shall be my heire. <sup>h</sup> What Flee?  
 A sonne o' th' Earth? Obscure? <sup>n</sup> Why aske of Me,  
 Whio was my fourth Forefather, I can't Well  
 And Readily declare; though I Can tell.  
 But if you 'de knowe His father, and againe  
 That fathers father: sure you must remaine  
 Satisfied thus; That He did drawe His birth  
 Immediatly from his mother earth;  
 And so at last, you'le finde *Mannius* to be  
 By right of kinne, great vnkle ynto Me.  
 Yet why at all should'st Thou indeed desire  
 To be my Heire, when thou might'st be my Sire  
 For Age? and why should'st thou demand of Me  
 My torch, when I in <sup>i</sup> course runne After Thee?  
 Yet if thou be my heire, me thinkes, thou ought'st  
 To be content, with what thou never bought'st.  
 I me *Mercurie*, and come, to Thee, a God,  
 As he is <sup>k</sup> Painted. With a churlish nod  
 Seern'st my free offer? Wilt not thou be glad  
 For what is left? <sup>i</sup> Why, heeres not all You had  
 Left to You by Your father. <sup>i</sup> True indeed.  
 Much I did spend on mine owne proper need.  
 But, briefly, this is all is left: which All  
 I'll Giue to thee; And doe not, thou now brawle  
 Vnkindly with me: neither aske me where  
 Is that which *Tadius* left me: and ne're  
 Giue me hard words, as fathers drawing nigh

Their

- <sup>h</sup> The interrogation of his covetous heire, and the reply of Persius.  
<sup>i</sup> An allusion to the race celebrated in honour of Prometheus, where  
 the first running with a torch in his hand, when he was wearie, gaue  
 it to the next after him. <sup>k</sup> With a purse of money in his hand.  
<sup>i</sup> The murmuring objection of his covetous heire, and the reply of  
 Persius.

# SATIRE. 6.

Their end, doe giue their sonnes before they die;  
 Saying, See thou put out the Principall:  
 And spend but of the Vse; let That be all.  
<sup>m</sup> But yet, What's Left? <sup>m</sup> What's left? Now lib'rally  
 Pow're boy, pow're oile vpon my hearbes. Shall I  
 Vpon a high festiuall day, be fed  
 With a sod nettle, and a leane swines head  
 Hung vp i'th'smoake by th'eare; vnto the end  
 This lewd knaue may My goods hereafter spend?  
 And fill'd with dainty jiblets, without shame  
 Lewdly embrace a soft *Patrician* Dame;  
 When as his wayward, full-swolne, chiding veine;  
 With an vncertaine lust doth sob againe?  
 Shall I be like the warpe of bare cloath, that  
 To him a strutting panch may quagge with fat?  
<sup>n</sup> Oh, sell thy Soule for Gaine, to leaue thy heire  
 Wealthy: and so thou gettest by thy ware,  
 Ne're care how honestly. Sift eu'ry coast  
 Of the whole world, that thou mayst truely boast,  
 No man feedes fatter *Cappadocian* knaues  
 In a rough cage, then are Thy lustie slaues,  
 Double thy wealth. • Tis done; nay't has increas'd  
 Three, foure, ten-fold as much. Yet scarce is ceas'd  
 And now, where likewise I may rest, designe,  
*Chrysippus*, thou that didst Thy R heape confine.

<sup>m</sup> One murmuring interrogation more, of his greedy heire; and the  
 reply of *Persius* full of indignation. <sup>n</sup> A satiricall Irony in the per-  
 son of some Third Speaker. • The answer of *Persius*. P *Sorites*, of  
 which kinde of Argumentation, *Chrysippus* was the Author.

THE END OF PERSIUS.



AN APOSTROPHE OF THE TRAN-  
slatour to his Authour *Persius*.

**T**Hou art Redeem'd; Nor has the Fate of Time  
And Vice seiz'd on thy glory. The Worst crime  
Which does o'recloud the Guilty, addes to Thee  
A Lustre, which outshines obscurity.  
Who thought not, that the Great-borne Spirit of Rome  
Had lien o'rewhelm'd in her Last Brutus tombe?  
Yet did it Not; but did at last bring forth  
Thee, the Example of her Ancient worth.  
In whom, had Vesta's fire by which Rome Stood  
Beene out, there might haue yet beene found as good.  
Mount then, thou purer fire, and let thy heate  
Strongly exhale from their infectious seate  
Th' envenom'd fogg'es of vice; And then inflame  
Them, that they may be lights to their Owne shame;  
Which, as a Comet, may affright the earth  
With horror, at its owne prodigious birth;  
And, with its darting taile threatening dread  
Vengeance, point-out to wrath each guilty head.  
Bee thou the Vestall fire, thy Priest Ile bee,  
And consecrate my vigilance to Thee.  
Bee thou th' enlivening Sunne, Ile bee the Earth,  
And offer up to Thee this gratefull birth  
Of thanks: which thus now giu'n, though straight it Die,  
It has liv'd Ages in its Infancie.  
Action, not Time, does number age. Who giues



A iust praise to great Vertues Patrone, liues  
Himselfe by his iust Gratitude. Let Spight  
Then doe its worst, and with eternall night  
Labour to cloyd my name. Obscure to lie  
With Vertue, is an immortalitie.



**T**His lash has but Sixe knots : but see thou mend;  
Or peradventure Else I shall intend.  
(Although my Angry Muse saies Shee will bee  
No more thus Wit-bound, thus Tongue-tied, nor Shee)  
To come in Fury; and thee Naked strippe;  
And Scourge thee with a Sixteene-knotted whippe.

FINIS.

